



DON'T
STAND IN
THE WAY OF
PROGRESS!





NO?? WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH YOU?

S-STOP...



I GOT
JOINED UP
WITH THAT
WISP IN A
PHOTOGRAPH.

WHEN YOU
HURT HER, YA
HARM ME,
TOO!

OH, POOR
NOX. YOU'VE
BEEN SO
CARELESS!





BUT...



ONCE I
START SINGING,
I JUST CAN'T
STOP!



W-WAIT-



GUH...I
CAN'T SEEM
TO WORK THIS
HUSK PROPERLY...

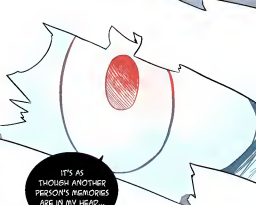
A comic book panel featuring a character with short, spiky blue hair and a yellow mask with a large, dark, circular opening. The character is wearing a yellow, segmented, armor-like suit. They are looking down at a character with long, flowing blue hair who has a surprised expression. The background is a simple, light blue and white gradient.

SHE'S
RIGHT.

WHY AM I
HELPING THESE
CROWS? THEY
TOOK ME AWAY
FROM MY
HOUSE...

IT'S
JUST...

THERE'S
A FEELING
WITHIN...



IT'S AS
THOUGH ANOTHER
PERSON'S MEMORIES
ARE IN MY HEAD...





I HEAR
THE ECHO
OF A STORY.

THE
LIVING
ENSLAVED
THE DEAD.



ONE CLEVER
SPIRIT SOUGHT
A SOLUTION.

A WAY
TO MAKE
THE LIVING
AND THE
DEAD
EQUAL.



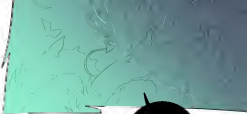
YES, SIR.
I'VE POSSESSED
A CROW.

A comic book panel featuring a character in a red hooded cloak and a white mask with a single red eye. The character is holding a large, dark, curved knife or dagger. The background shows a car wheel and some wooden structures.

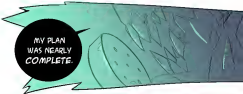
I'M READY
TO FULFILL
YOUR PLAN!

HONESTLY,
IT'S SO SIMPLE...
WHY HAS NO ONE
TRIED IT BEFORE?

I TRIED
IT. A LONG
TIME AGO.



WITH SOME
OTHER SPIRITS I
HAD GATHERED...
MUCH LIKE YOUR
FRIENDS.



MY PLAN
WAS NEARLY
COMPLETE.



AND IT
NEARLY
WORKED.



THE
SPIRIT'S
PLAN WAS
SIMPLE.

ENLISTING THE
HELP OF AN

HELP OF HIS
FELLOW DEAD...

HE SOUGHT
TO CREATE AN
INCIDENT - A
DISASTER - IN
WHICH THE RED
CROWS WOULD
ALL PERISH.

ONCE
THE CROWS
ARE DEAD,
THEN...





THEY,
TOO

WILL BE
GHOSTS.

AND
SOCIETY WILL
BE RUN...



BY THE
DEAD!!



WHY
DIDN'T YOUR
PLAN WORK
THE FIRST
TIME, SIR?

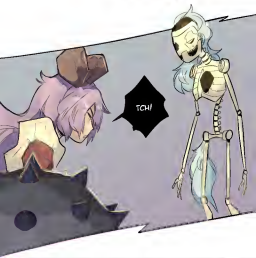
THERE WAS
ONE WHO
DID NOT
AGREE.



SHE...
INTERFERED.

AND THE
LIVING WERE
SPARED.

TCHI!





I FEEL
BAD FOR
YOU, MY
DEAR...

JUST A
PITIFUL
WISP,
ENSLAVED
BY THE
CROWS...

BUT
NOW
YOU'RE
ON MY
NERVES.

I'M GOING
TO YELL AT
YOU UNTIL
YOU SLEEP
NICELY NOW,
YES?





YOU WOULD
HAVE LIKED
OUR LEADER.

THE
STRANGLER
WELCOMES ALL
LOST SOULS TO
HIS CAUSE...



THE

STRANGLER?!

UNALIVE?

FWOOM

I
REMEMBER...

THAT
NAME.

THE
STRANGLER.

HE TOLD
US THAT IF
THE CROWS
ALL BECAME
GHOSTS...

THEN THE
GHOSTS WOULD
RULE THE

WORLD!



HE DIDN'T
WANT US TO
BE EQUAL
TO THE
LIVING...



HE WANTED US
TO TURN THE TABLES
AND MAKE THEM
OUR SLAVES!!



AND L...

REFUSED.





HEH?

BUH?

SHE'S
MANAGED
TO BOND
WITH THE
HUSK!



WHAT'S
WITH THIS
SETUP...

IT'S A
PHYSICAL
REFLECTION
OF YOUR
PSYCHE.

YOUR
UNCONSCIOUS
SOUL MADE
TANGIBLE.

SORT
OF.

OH!
THAT'S...

CONFUSING?!





TOO
LATE!



FOOOOM

IT'S



NEVER

TOO

LATE!!



I GOT BETTER,
THANKS FOR
THE WELL-WISHES!

FOLLOW MY TWITTER @MADELEINE ROSCA